

THE WAR CRY.



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

25th Year. No. 15.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, JANUARY 9, 1909.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Price 2 Cents.

The Salvation Army in Dawson City.



1. The Salvation Army Hall. 2. A Portion of the Harbor.



Cutlets from Contemporaries.



Wonders of the Skin.

Three Million Glands.

The human skin is the most wonderful, most beautiful fabric in the world, and its marvellous qualities are not half enough appreciated.

Flexible as silk, resistant as steel, tinted like the petals of a flower, tough as leather, and almost transparent, it is the most superb non-conductor of heat and electrical currents known. Its vitality is unquenchable, its power of repair almost unlimited. With a mesh capable of containing half the blood in the body it can adjust itself to almost any temperature.

With nearly three millions of flushing sweat-glands, the human skin is also self-cleansing. No contamination of any sort can cling to it for long, because its surface is constantly changing by the death of the fattened superficial cells and their falling off in daily showers.

Shut an arm or a leg in a plaster-of-paris cast, as is done in the case of fractures, let it remain in position three weeks, then take off the plaster, and you will find nearly a hand of human skin which has accumulated. This branny powder is composed of thousands of almost invisible, delicate scales, which, under normal conditions, are continually being shed and rubbed from the surface of the body, carrying with them all the impurities that may be attached to them.

Only the best and mildest soaps should be used on the human skin, and these should be restricted to the hands, face, and, occasionally, the feet, except on the toughest skins.—*British War Cry.*

Extraordinary Figures.

New York's Daily Record.

Every forty seconds an emigrant arrives.
Every three minutes someone is arrested.
Every six minutes a child is born.
Every seven minutes there is a funeral.
Every thirteen minutes a pair get married.

The Praying League

Special Prayer Topic: Pray for the Bands to be much blessed in their work in the Revival Campaign.

Sunday, January 11th.—Abraham Leaves All. Genesis xli. 1-3.
Monday, January 11th.—Rescued. Genesis xlii. 20; xv. 1-6.
Tuesday, January 12th.—Birth of Ishmael. Genesis xvi. 3-15; xvii. 1-5.
Wednesday, January 13th.—Child of Promise. Genesis xvii. 9-23.
Thursday, January 14th.—Visitors From Heaven. Genesis xviii. 1-16.
Friday, January 15th.—Sodom. Genesis xviii. 17-32.
Saturday, January 16th.—For Abraham's Sake. Genesis xix. 1-29.

WHY OUR BANDSMEN SHOULD JOIN THE LEAGUE.

A few days ago we received a letter from the Band-Sergeant of one of our leading city Bands, asking what benefit it would be for the whole Band—which represented twenty-five to join the Praying League.

My blessing to you and to all the Soldiers.

Every forty-two minutes a new business firm starts up.

Every forty-eight minutes a building catches fire.

Every forty-eight minutes a ship leaves the harbour.

Every fifty-one minutes a new building is erected.

Every fifty-two seconds a passenger train arrives from some point outside the city limits.

Every one and three-quarter hours someone is killed by accident.

Every seven hours someone falls in business.

Every eight hours an attempt to kill someone is made.

Every eight and one-half hours some pair is divorced.

Every ten hours someone commits suicide.

Every two days someone is murdered.

—New York Social Gazette.

A Clever Ruse.

The Lady Got the Cheque.

Reverting to The General's meeting in Durban, a really good story is told. Among the audience was a lady, visitor from the Transvaal, with her husband. On one side of her a prominent Durban merchant, who, remarking upon the influence of The Salvation Army, said to her: "Now, if you were to join The Army, and come to my office in Army uniform asking for a subscription to the cause, I should not be able to refuse it."

Next morning, a lady in Salvation Army uniform called upon the Durban merchant at his office for a contribution to one of The Army's philanthropic schemes. It was some time until he recognised her as the lady who had sat next to him in the town Hall. He was as good as his word, however, and gave her a substantial cheque.

It appears that the lady, who was of a sportive humour, had borrowed the uniform from a Salvation

Army fund, and wished to put the Durban merchant's promise to the test. The cheque was ultimately handed over to the lender of the uniform, and paid into The Salvation Army funds.—*British Social Gazette.*

A Shelter Christmas.

Cheer Brought by The Army.

On Christmas Eve, after the women have retired, we Officers generally go upstairs and sing carols outside their doors and wish them a happy Christmas. This pleases them greatly.

While the Officers and workers are enjoying their breakfast on Christmas morning something generally happens. Different plans are adopted from year to year, one being for somebody to appear at the door in postman's coat, armed with parcels and packages for each of the party. There is always a lot of fun over the opening of these. Our dear leaders send us Christmas greetings, which are read aloud and much valued, and nobody is left out.

A free dinner is given to the lodgers, including Christmas pudding, fruit, and the inevitable cups of tea, and generally their lodging that night is not charged for, so that for once they need have no anxiety about ways and means.

The children are not forgotten. Every Shelter has its little ones, and for them a Christmas tree is provided, bearing a toy for each, and a nice tea and entertainment is given to them afterwards.

There is, of course, an outside family to remember. Old people who are too sick to stir from their poor homes, or for other reasons are unable to cook, are speechless with gratitude if we send them round a hot dinner, all ready to be eaten. One poor, famished old thing simply could not wait to get a knife and fork, but fell to with her fingers—the savoury smell was too much for her manners!—*The Deliverer.*

How to Breathe.

What Your Nose Is For.

Correct breathing is one of the most salutary tonics of which an invalid can take a draught. On the other hand, incorrect breathing is more harmful to the system than vinegar-and-milk or ham-and-jam sandwiches of the schoolboy order, because the diseases that it generates are more than temporary—they are chronic.

Breathe through the nose—that is what the nose is really for. Each of our features has some definite and practical use—eyes are for seeing, ears for hearing, mouth for eating, and nose for breathing. Because one smells with one's nose, it does not follow that there is no other important function assigned to that feature. We cry with our eyes, but for that reason we do not close them, in the belief that they are not meant for seeing.

Recent investigations showed that the palates of an alarming proportion of the population of London, England are not pink, as they should be, but of a bluish hue. That is because the London atmosphere is so impure. But if Londoners all breathed through their nostrils instead of through their mouths, the air would have been filtered before it reached the lungs, and a very different story would be told.—*Bandsman and Songster.*

Burnt the Beef.

But Still Takes the Cry.

While going on my regular rounds with the War Cry (says a writer in the American Cry) I came across a gentleman friend of The Army, who usually takes a cry every week. He told me that the last issue of the War Cry was a very expensive one to him. His wife told him last Sunday to watch the roast beef in the oven for dinner while she went to church. When she left the house he picked up the War Cry, got interested, forgot all about the meat and let it burn. Although the War Cry cost him the privilege of enjoying that piece of beef for his dinner, he is still a good friend and will continue to take the Cry in the future.

"GO straight for souls, and go for the worst," says The General. Better advice was never given to a Salvation Army Officer. Act on it.

and others who have joined the League.

There may be other Bandsmen who would like information on the same subject, and we should be happy to enroll our large Army of music-makers throughout the Dominion.

FULL INFORMATION.

We are, therefore, setting forth here, the purposes, benefits and obligations of the League:—

The Watchword.

"Pray without ceasing."
Object: To pray for a mighty awakening among the children of God, and a glorious revival throughout the world.

Conditions.

Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse.—Mal. iii. 10.

Ask and it shall be given you.—Matt. vii. 7.

If two of you shall agree on earth.—Matt. xviii. 19.

Whatever ye shall ask the Father.—John xvi. 23, 24.

Cease not to give thanks.—Eph. i. 16, 17.

Praying always with all prayer.—Eph. vi. 1.

Let your requests be made known unto God.—Phil. iv. 6, 7.

Evening and morning and noon will I pray and cry aloud.—Psal. lv. 17.

Pray.

1.—For conviction to take hold of the unconverted in your own family.

2.—For a universal baptism of the Holy Spirit to fall upon the children of God everywhere.

3.—For a soul-saving revival in your community.

4.—For the leaders of God's army everywhere, especially your own Officer or minister.

5.—For all workers toiling in foreign lands.

6.—For the revered General of The Salvation Army.

Read.—Read the daily portion to be found tabulated in the current issue of the War Cry, or the portion suggested in the Salvation Soldier's Guide, and, if possible, a verse at mid-day from the selected verses called "Leaves for Plucking," to be found in the Soldier's Guide.

Pledge.—I promise to pray every day for an outpouring of the Spirit of God upon His people in all nations, and that The Salvation Army may be inspired to continue its manifold works of mercy and soul-saving at all

times, and in all places throughout the world.

Signed

Address

What are its Purposes?

1.—To link together a great number of the soldiers of Jesus Christ for united prayer.

2.—To concentrate a great volume of prayer upon certain specific objects.

3.—To pray for a revival of soul-saving.

4.—To record, remarkable answers to prayer.

What are its Anticipated Benefits?

1.—A great outpouring of the Spirit upon the Army of the living God.

2.—A deepening of the spiritual life in all God's children.

3.—Multitudes of souls saved.

4.—Inspiration for individual workers.

N. B.—In order that the cost of the Card of Membership and the League's correspondence may be met, a nominal entrance fee of 10 cents is asked from each member.

Let us hear from every Bandsman, and we will gladly welcome you to our ranks.—*Mrs. Blanche Johnston, Secretary, S. A. Temple, Toronto.*

WASTE HUMANITY.

The Social Operations of The Army Reviewed by F. A. McKenzie.

WASTE HUMANITY," is the title of a most interesting report of The Salvation Army's Social Operations in Great Britain, by F. A. McKenzie, the eminent publicist and famous war correspondent for the London Daily "Mail." Mr. McKenzie's preface to his brilliant sketches, is a weighty contribution to sociological literature. Writing of the workhouse phase of poor relief, he says:—

"We have workhouses built with extravagance so excessive that the story of them sounds more like the imaginings of a romancist than sober fact, and managed with a careless prodigality of the ratepayers' money. The series of sordid and wretched scandals exposed during the past two years has given abundant publicity to this. We have one workhouse adopting a system of electric lighting that was rejected by Buckingham Palace as being too expensive; another stipulating that only the most costly food should be given to its inmates; a third building children's homes, where the expenses of maintenance works out at from a guinea to thirty shillings per child per week. There are workhouses where the mere rental charges for each five persons exceed the total income of the average lower middle-class family."

A Difference in Cost.

He also says:—"Where I have worked out costs on both sides, The Salvation Army does for \$5.00, what costs the Guardians \$15.00;" and "The funds of The Army are not only spent honestly, they are well spent."

Writing on the methods of The Salvation Army, Mr. McKenzie says:

"Those directing The Salvation Army Social Scheme are not mere sentimentalists. They recognise that they have a tremendously difficult problem to attack, and one that must be approached from every possible way. But while their methods are constantly developing, their principles remain the same. They go forth endowed with splendid optimism. 'Despair of none,' is their motto. They believe that no man, however low, is hopeless while he lives. Time after time I have been amazed at their perseverance among people whom I would have considered beyond expectation of social recovery. The Army succeeds because it seeks not merely to produce an external change, but to turn the hearts and build the characters of its converts. Modern science and discovery have taught us much, but when we want to turn men from evil to good, there is no sure way but old-fashioned, heart-searching, and heart-changing religion."

"In this work one sees bad men made good, and scoundrels turned towards decency. Many are rescued who must otherwise have come upon the Poor Law; wives and deserted husbands are reunited; children are saved from the Union brand; and the unfortunate are given a fresh chance in life. The workman who finds that conditions in our cities afford no prospect for his children is encouraged to establish himself in the opening lands of Greater Britain. The starving are first fed, and then approached by the most powerful religious appeals. Tens of thousands of single working-men are provided with decent homes, in place of the old and degrading lodging-houses they formerly had to inhabit. The loafer is taught to help himself, and is given an opportunity to work for his own board and lodging. When the woman on the streets recoils from her life of shame she is taken in hand, not as a semi-criminal to be lectured and scorned, but as a sister to be loved and helped out of the mire into which she has fallen. This Social Scheme touches the problems of poverty and vice at a thousand points. It meets the prisoner at the jail gates; it takes the outraged child and makes her forget the past in a present of joy and hope; its women workers search the slums day by day; its Officers and volunteers walk the streets of London every night, seeking out the homeless; it teaches the lazy industry, the drunken self-control, and the self-centred self-denial."

How Men Go Down.

"Work like this is good work, Christlike work. It is of real service to the State as well as the individual."

The following is taken from a sketch of the free soup distribution at midnight, and in this connection we may say that during the year 1908, nearly 6,000,000 meals were either given or sold at very cheap rates by The Army in Great Britain. This extract shows how easy it is for one to become demoralised and disreputable in appearance:—

"Hopeless?" said The Salvation Army Officer in charge, as I went up to him. "Unhelpable? I don't wonder that you think so. But you are wrong. My companion, who is working with me distributing these tickets, was himself four years ago standing in a line like this, waiting for relief. Several of my comrades, who are out to-night searching the streets for starving men, have been taken from the crowd on the Embankment. We are raising up out of these very wastrels decent, self-re-

liant citizens, as I will show you if you come and look at our work."

The Officer's companion joined in. "Of course the men look dirty and slouching," he said. "So would you within a week if you were walking the streets of London day and night without home and without money. You could not help it. Leave a man on the streets for a few days with no where to go, and he must sink down. I know for I have been through it. The first night I found myself with empty pockets in London, I determined that I at least would make a fight for it to keep myself straight and clean. I shall never forget that night. I thought that since I had nowhere to go, I would walk out to Hammersmith and beyond it, and then work round so as to be back in London by early morning. I did my walk, only to find that I was back by midnight. Then came hour after hour of tramping, tramping, tramping. I would not sit down on the seats of the Embankment for fear of vermin. I did not know of anywhere to go for relief. From midnight to dawn seemed as long as a year, and the day that followed, with its hopeless search for work, seemed longer still. Then came a second night, when I was glad to crouch down anywhere I could, until the police hurried me on. By the morning of the second day I was looking shabby, and by the end of a week, in spite of all my efforts I was a bleary-eyed, timid, shrinking tramp. If The Salvation Army had not found me then, I do not know what the end could have been. Many a man in these Embankment crowds has tried and done his utmost, but finds himself reduced to a state where you, at first sight, would not entrust him to deliver a letter for you round the next corner."

A Striking Case.

The writer deals with all phases of Salvation Army Social Work, and some of the stories told throw a strange light on the ways of our vaunted civilisation. Here is the case of a woman criminal:—

"It is not always the one in the cell who is the greatest offender. Let me take an example. A hard-working domestic servant greatly respected by her employers, married a young man. She was \$250.00 while in service. She soon found that her marriage was a great mistake. Her husband was a careless ne'er-do-well. He bought the furniture on the hire-payment system, a shocking thing to a prudent soul. So she took out the greater part of her money and paid up for the goods. Three weeks after the wedding day she left the husband in despair, disgusted with his ill-treatment, but mutual friends implored her to go back. 'You are his wife. You must submit to him. You may pull him round.' And so she returned."

They had no child. Two years after they were married she adopted a baby when three or four weeks old. The struggle was very hard, and the wife had to put up with very much. The furniture went bit by bit, and finally the husband, who was an engineer, disappeared, leaving wife and child penniless. The wife heard that the husband was at Greenock. She hurried on there, found a room, and stayed in it for two days, searching for her man. She could not find him, and without paying for her room (for she had no money) she went to Lochgelly, where she heard he might be. There, too, she took a room, staying two or three days, and went off when she learnt that he was not there. "I knew that I was doing wrong," she said, "but what could I do? I could not keep the child out in the cold all night. I had to have shelter for it." Then hearing her husband was in Edinburgh, she rushed there and took a lodging. She could not find him in Edinburgh either, and the Edinburgh landlady had her arrested for obtaining board and lodging on false pretences.

Cruel Sentences.

She was given sixty days' imprisonment, and when she stepped out of prison she was at once re-arrested for living two days at Lochgelly without paying. For this she received a forty days' sentence. When she came from that she was again re-arrested for the two days at Greenock, and received thirty days more. At the beginning of her imprisonment the baby was taken from her because it was not her own child, and was sent back to its mother. The separation almost broke the woman's heart. For these few days of living in lodgings, under, surely, the most terrible temptation ever woman could have had to shelter her child, she was thus given no less than 130 days' imprisonment.

"To me it seems an incredibly cruel series of sentences. But that is not the question. She was in her cell, the child gone, she was hopeless and did not know what to do. Then The Salvation Army Officer visited her. 'Can I help you?' she asked. When the woman left she was taken in at 'Ardenshaw.' There she proved a splendid case, hard-working, patient, quiet and good. After a short time in the Home, a situation was found for her, and her present employers say that she is everything they could desire."

(Continued on page 11.)

Pacific Paragraphs.

Capt. and Mrs. Laidlaw, who have done splendid work in the Pacific Province as collectors, have left for the North-West Province. We wish them every blessing and God-speed in their new field of labour.

Major and Mrs. Morris visited Victoria for a week-end recently. It was pouring rain. Notwithstanding, several souls were saved and sanctified, and an encouraging feature was, as proof that we are steadily rising in the Capital, according to records on the books, the largest crowds during a week-end since the year 1905. Staff-Captain Hayes and her people are to be congratulated. Wait until the alterations and repairs are made early in the new year. The Band played creditably. They number twenty-three, and could be still larger if instruments were on hand.

New Westminster will, by the time this is in print, boast of a new Quarters. Captain Quaife is working like a Trojan, and is being rendered good assistance by Soldiers and kind friends.

The new Citadel there is, of course, a credit to The Army and town, and when a few more promises are collected by Adjutant T. Bloss, will be a monument to the latter's successful toil, as well as to all concerned.

Changes.—The following Officers have changed appointments: Captain Horwood, Vancouver, B. C., to Fernie; Captain Pearson, furlough, to assist at No. 11; Lieut. B. Richards, furlough, to Cranbrook; Lieut. Nelson, to special work; Lieut. Chatterton, Nelson, to Rescue Work, Vancouver.

The Major leaves on Dec. 14th to visit the Kootenays and Lethbridge. On his return he and Mrs. Morris will dive into Simultaneous Salvation Campaign meetings at and near the Centre.

Great are the expectations in the Pacific concerning the visits, early in the year, of Commissioner and Major and Mrs. Plant.

ants Wakefield and Bloss have done some good week-ends at Nanaimo and New Westminster. They are always in harness for soul-saving, and ever ready to do all possible on this line.

We must pay a tribute to the splendid work of the Men's Social Officers. Staff-Captain Collier and his chief assistant, Captain Turner, who are being made a great blessing and help to the prisoners incarcerated at Vancouver and New Westminster in particular, and the Province in general.

The Staff-Captain has under his spiritual care, the three men condemned to die on the 18th.

Staff-Captain Lowry and her assistants, of the Women's Social, Vancouver, are also doing beautiful Christian work. A most distressing case was sent and received by the Home only yesterday—details are too harrowing to describe.

The Simultaneous Soul-saving Campaign is in full swing. Difficulties? Yes, we have lots of them. But God lives to help us deal with them, and with the sledge-hammer of full salvation, properly wielded, their stony hearts will be broken.

The poor! Yes, we have a few up here. We are looking well after them, with three hundred baskets in Vancouver alone. Adjutant Bloss says he'll be busy for a month at it, and many willing hands are helping.

The Major, assisted by the city Officers, buried Sergeant-Major Henry Bennett, of Douglas, Alaska, who died in the St. Paul's Hospital recently. He was constantly visited there by Mrs. Major Morris and others, and left behind a beautiful testimony, and lived a holy life amidst great suffering.

If you have a lamp of knowledge, let others light their candles at it.

Canada's First Lady.

A WRITER DESCRIBES LADY GREY AND HER PERSONALITY.

Governor-General's Wife Has Many Hobbies, but All are Philanthropic—She is an Enthusiastic Supporter of the Work of The Salvation Army, and Is Deeply Interested in Home Industries in Canada.



Lady Grey.

MARGARET B. DOWNING, a well-known writer, contributes to a number of American newspapers a new sketch of Lady Grey, wife of Earl Grey, Canada's Governor-General. The sketch is written from Ottawa, and among other things contains the following:—

Lady Grey has been accused of possessing many hobbies, but they are all on the side of philanthropy. Like all grande dames of the older world, she takes the duties of her position seriously. She assumes that the obligation to look after the physical and moral well-being of those under her, is part of her lofty situation. Consequently she has taken up the work, if not with the loud flourish of trumpets, as did the Countess of Aberdeen, at least as systematically and enthusiastically.

Lord Grey has two hobbies, religion revival, notably Salvation Army endeavour and temperance reform. Lady Grey is just as enthusiastic, though she cannot assume the leadership of such movements. She makes frequent visits to the camps of General Booth's cohorts and she takes part in the exhortations, not in the form of set speeches or in the general assembly, but quietly and personally, as it were to a few auditors. She belongs to almost every form of municipal or charitable association established in Canada. It is said of her that she is somewhat lax about her social obligations, but about her philanthropic work, never. In this regard she has distributed her favours impartially among French and Indian Catholics, Anglicans, Scotch and Irish Presbyterians, that mysterious sect, the Doukhobors, the semi-civilised denizens of the Pacific slope, and fashionable charities of

the large Canadian cities, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, and Quebec.

Lady Grey has patronized the home industries of the Dominion and has given an impetus to native production. Though in London she is notably one of the handsomest-gowned women of Mayfair, in Ottawa she finds all she desires among the modistes and milliners there or in Montreal. Not a garment comes from the other side, and she employs a small army of needle-women on her lingerie and lace. Her gifts to friends in England or on the continent have taken the form of Canadian products, the dainty embroidery at which the French nuns or the French gentlewomen excel, the intricate but gracefully designed native lace, and the exquisite jewellery of delicate enamel.

Lady Grey, though reserved and dignified, as becomes the wife of a belted earl, and the queen of such a vast domain as the Dominion of Canada, moves freely among the people, and is known and beloved by the entire poorer class of Ottawa, where she lives the better part of the year; of Quebec, where she spends the summers, and in Montreal, her favourite shopping point. At Rideau Hall all the ceremony which pertains to the homes of British titled officials is kept up, and the same is true of the summer palace near Quebec. But otherwise, Lady Grey moves around much as Queen Alexandra does in London or Mrs. Roosevelt in Washington. When she appears in public, as the wife of King Edward's pro-consul, she is gowned in becoming state, and her equipage would warm the heart of the most ardent lover of pomp. Ordinarily, she drives around in a small brougham, guiltless of emblazoned arms or liveried coachmen, and she wears raiment as severe as a nun's.

Lady Grey is dedicated to the

cause of temperance, but her endeavours are far removed from some of the intemperate propagandas which pass current. She seeks the hopeless neighbourhoods for her crusade, which never takes the form of total abstinence, but is rather to provide the least deleterious form of stimulant to the poor. She is doing yeoman work in this. She rarely spends her time getting converts to her cause to take the pledge of total abstinence, but is eloquent in getting them to aid her in closing disorderly places, where vile liquor is sold, and where the pennies of unfortunate men and women are spent to their own misery and the privation of their families.

Band Chat.

Since we have had Captain McGrath with us, Calgary Band has been in charge of the Saturday night meetings, and pleasant times have been spent. The Captain is leading us on both musically and spiritually. On Friday, December 11th, we had a spiritual meeting, the Captain giving us some words of real good advice, which proved a great blessing to all the boys.—W. F. G., Band Cor.

Guelph Band has been strengthened by the arrival of two more Bandmen, Brother Postie and Brother Ainsworth. Hespeler was recently visited by our Band boys.

The Montreal Citadel Band has lately been reinforced by a Euphonium player, in the person of Bandman Lewis, late of Lisgar Street, Toronto. The Band rendered some special music on Sunday afternoon, and at the week-end services, conducted by Staff-Captain Bloss, "Andy," the Scotchman, soloed "Old Nigger Joe," using the bagpipes for the chorus. A united Band festival is to be given on New Year's Day.—F. R. B.

THE GUEST OF EVERY DAY.

Homely work is mine to-day,
Floors to sweep and fires to lay;
Plates to wash and clothes to mend,
Work which never seems to end.

Yet I pray,
Jesus, be my Guest to-day!

Not as one to dwell apart,
In the spare room of my heart;
But as One to whom my prayer
May confide the smallest care.

Thus I pray:
Lord, be Thou my Guest to-day!

He reproves me if I fret
Over work, unfinished yet;
Checks me if I make a task
Of some work He does not ask.

My dear Guest
Wishes me to work and rest.

At the closing of the day,
When once more my heart shall say,
In this busy life of mine,
All the glory, Lord, is Thine!

Christ I pray,
Be the Guest of every day!

Correspondence.

The following letter of appreciation was recently received by Brigadier Morris, Bandmaster of our Headquarter's Staff Band:—

"Toronto, Sunday, Nov. 22nd.
"Sir,—Will you kindly accept the congratulations, both for yourself and the Band of talented musicians that you control, for the magnificent way that you rendered 'Hebrew Melodies' to-night.

I am an English Jew, and I may tell you in confidence, that I have not been inside a temple or synagogue for years—in fact since I left home—but you certainly brought the brine to my eyes, for those old tunes and hymns are very dear to the most lax of us, and bring back scenes and memories of home and childhood, which one is apt to forget in the struggle for everyday existence.

Again congratulating and thanking you for the treat you gave me, I am, Yours very sincerely,

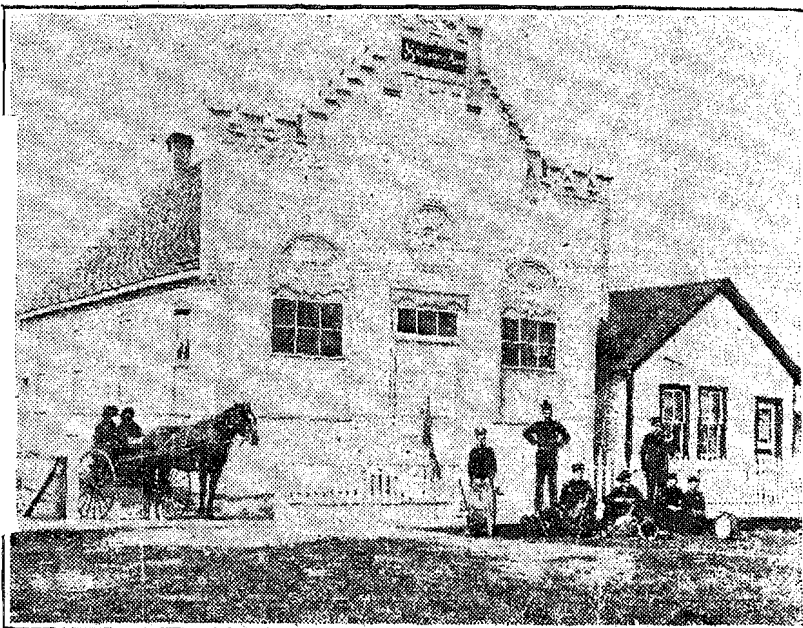
M. L."

IS there a Soldier at your Corps who would make an Officer? If so, it is your duty to push up him or her to a full surrender, and leave all for the Training College.

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS.

A Brave Woman.

For the first time on record a woman is to receive a Lloyd's medal for saving life at sea. The woman is Miss Kate Gilmour, stewardess of the



Neepawa's Hall and Quarters.

crops has yielded a harvest which, computed at average local market prices, has a value of \$432,533,000. Wheat, oats and barley aggregate in area, 16,297,100 acres and in value \$209,070,000; hay and clover off 8,210,900 acres have a value of \$121,884,000; rye, peas, buckwheat, mixed grains and flax, grown on 1,525,700 acres, have a value of \$23,044,000; beans, potatoes, turnips and other roots, corn and sugar beets, grown on 1,471,913 acres, have a value of \$78,535,000; Fall wheat, with a yield of 24.40 bushels per acre, shows a value of \$21.10; Spring wheat, with 16 bushels, shows \$12.84. The total value of the wheat harvest in the North-West Provinces is \$72,424,000, and in the rest of the Dominion, \$18,804,000.

A Surprise Catch.

The people of Shelburne, N. S., recently reaped a rich harvest from the sea.

Driven into shoal water, presumably by dogfish, and then thrown up on the beach by the gale which prevailed at the time, were hundreds of barrels of herring, in fact, when the tide receded, and the surf calmed down, the fish were piled along the shore three feet thick. The fish were in good condition, and consisted mainly of Nos. 2's and 3's, with a good sprinkling of No. 1's. The fish were gathered in, packed in barrels, and shipped to Boston.

An Immense New Bridge.

A new bridge, in many respects one of the most remarkable of engineering structures ever proposed, is to be built by the Pennsylvania Railway across the East River, from Port Morris to Queen's County, Long Island. With the approaches, it will be three miles long, and span the Hell Gate ship channel with an enormous arch one thousand feet in the clear. The entire bridge, except the piers for the arch, will be of steel, having an estimated weight of eighty thousand tons. The novel feature of the plan is that the train floor of the bridge, instead of resting on the crown of the arch, is hung from it. The crown is three hundred feet above the water, and the floor 140 feet, enabling the largest steamer to pass under with ease.

Raising Submerged Timber.

For over eighty years, five hundred cords of sunken pine piling have been lying in the lake near Kingston. An American company has now undertaken to raise this timber, and take it by boat down the St. Lawrence to Ogdensburg, where it will be made into bleached soda pulp. This pulp is said to be made by a secret chemical process, for use in the manufacture of high grade stationery. The piling in question was sunk when lumbering operations along the Rideau were beginning, and while the canal was being built.

Many human lives are submerged in the dark waters of sin. It is our business to raise them and make them useful members of society. We can only do it in the strength of Christ.

A Thief's Strange Act.

As a man was on his way to the police station at Cornwall, to receive sentence for stealing some hides, he asked permission to enter a meat market. He then surprised everybody by seizing a cleaver and chopping his four fingers off near the knuckles, remarking that they would steal no more hides.

What a foolish thing to do, most people will say. He will find that he is no less a thief maimed, than he was when whole, unless he gets his heart washed from all sin in the blood of Christ. Many people try to reform themselves by outward means. They chop off what they consider to

a new light, and are spreading the news among the farmers that the weed is a very valuable fertiliser.

When dried and burned, the ashes contain a good proportion of potash and phosphates, and some kinds of weed also yield nitrates. These three substances are the life of vegetation, and for this reason the ashes of seaweed are an ideal for crops.

The Army is finding out that a great many so called "wasters" thrown up on the shores of Time, by the relentless tide of modern competition, contain good enough qualities to earn a living if they are given a fair chance. Thus the necessity for our Social Work.

THE SIMULTANEOUS SOUL-SAVING CAMPAIGN.

What does that mean? It means everybody, everywhere, at the same time, making a desperate effort to get souls saved. Are you helping?

be their sins, and think they will be troubled no more with drinking, swearing, smoking, lying, etc. Self salvation will not stand the final test, however; we must pass through God's process of cleansing, and get the assurance in our hearts that we are children of God.

Utilizing Waste.

People are beginning to find out the fertilising properties of seaweed, and, instead of letting it waste, are putting it upon their fields.

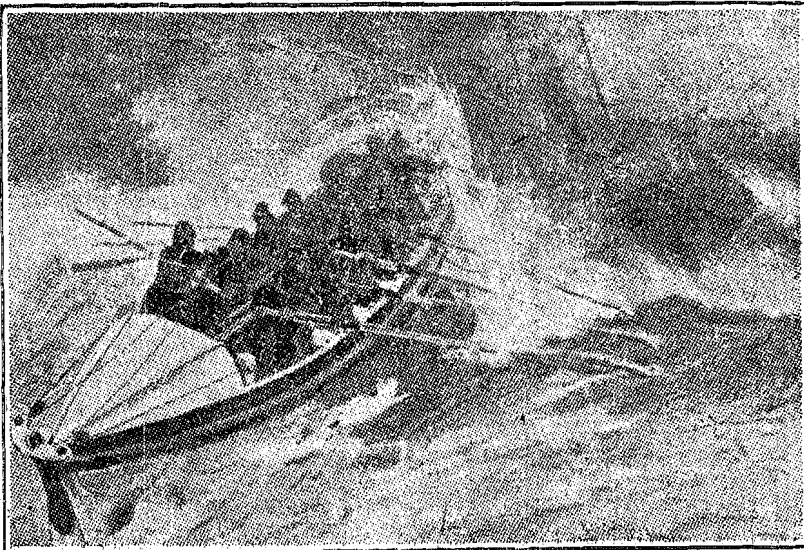
The seaweed thrown up on the shores in the neighbourhood of Cape Town has long been regarded as an expensive nuisance. The city government has for years been paying teamsters to collect the stuff and haul it away and bury it. The amount of weed thus disposed of has been about 1,500 tons a year.

The city authorities have now seen

High Climbing.

An American lady recently had a gold medal presented to her by the Peruvian Government for a successful ascent of Mount Huascaran, one of the highest peaks in the world. She was accompanied by two guides. The climb was not without its dangers, for she says:—

"We reached the summit on September 2nd, and the following night as we were making our way down, Taugwalder, who was leading, slipped and carried me with him over the edge of a fissure. The other guide, fortunately for us, had seen the misstep and had braced himself with his alpenstock, so that when the rope yanked taut, he retained sufficient purchase in the ice not to be carried off his feet by our combined weight. He called to us instructions to dig ourselves footholes that would lighten the strain both on the rope and



"A Friend When Friends Are Wanted Most." Facing Death to Save Life.

on himself, and gradually pulled us both back to him. It was the closest call I ever had."

Modern Heroes.

The first names to be placed on Mr. Carnegie's list of heroes (British) are Thomas Wright, of St. Helen's, Lancashire, and James Thomas Belton, late master of the steamer "City of Dundee."

Wright was a chemical worker, and lost his life while attempting to save a fellow-workman named Harry Jackson, who fell into a hole containing a large quantity of chemical liquid, and was overcome by the fumes.

He left a widow and six children, to whom the trustees decided to pay \$12.50 a month, in addition to any sum obtained under the workmen's compensation act.

Captain Belton went down with his ship, which sank in St. George's Channel on October 4th, less than a quarter of an hour after a collision with the steamer "Matina," had occurred in a dense fog. He showed great courage and presence of mind in the work of transferring his passengers to the "Matina," and lost his life while attempting to save a woman passenger.

Shadows of a Great City.

A pathetic story comes from New York, which shows the struggles of the poor in that great city. Two young Jewish girls were practising strict economy to enable them to educate themselves and their youngest sister, and at the same time save enough money to bring their mother over from Europe.

They had been in the city for three years, and during that time had saved every cent they could from their scant earnings in a "sweat shop." Every evening they attended night school. Each week they washed their own clothing for the sake of economy. One night it was raining, and so the wet clothing was hung out to dry in the little room on a line stretched from a gas jet to the farther wall. In some manner, during the night the line slipped, turning on the gascock and flooding the room with the deadly vapors, and when morning dawned, they were both found dead.

NEEPAWA'S NEW HALL.

Neepawa, Man.—A strenuous and withal successful effort has been put forth by Captain and Mrs. Lankin, the Officers in charge, to renovate, and practically re-construct the Hall.

When they arrived to take charge, some four months ago, they at once took up, voluntarily, the task of collecting a substantial sum towards the effort, before commencing operations, and succeeded in gathering together two-thirds of the estimated cost. (\$750.00.)

The P. O., Brigadier Burditt, opened the Hall. Captains Smith and Coleman, Bandmaster Dancy, of Winnipeg, L., Mrs. Captain Laidlaw, and the undersigned, had the privilege of being present.

The meetings were well attended, and judging by the enthusiasm and whole-hearted salivationism displayed by the Soldiers, we should say that the Corps is ripe for a splendid soul-saving work. We finished up the Sunday's meetings with one soul for salvation.

On Monday a banquet was held. Our friends, Rev. Francis Hall, Presbyterian, and Rev. W. F. McCormack, Baptist, availed themselves of the invitation given to all the ministers of the town to meet with us. Mr. McCormack, in a few chosen words, conveyed to us his hearty appreciation of our work and gave us some sound spiritual advice gleaned from his wide experience in the ministry.

The varied programme was rendered in a very creditable manner, and the Christmas spirit of "good will" was much in evidence.

The Captain is specially grateful for the practical (cash) sympathy displayed by Soldiers and friends in this effort. The remaining third due on the undertaking, is well in sight. Hallelujah!—J. S. Laidlaw, Captain.

PICTURES AND PARAGRAPHS.

The Army Got Him.

A little Church away in a Nova Scotian village, a young lad one day found salvation. After some time at school, he was sent to college at the next city, and while there saw the Salvation Army for the first time. He regarded them somewhat suspiciously at first, but later on developed a liking for their meetings, and in a Barracks situated on the street in which our young friend resided. His parents got to know of this action, and they strongly discouraged it in their boy, who thereupon threw overboard his ideas which were to join these "peculiar people." Some time afterwards, when studying in another city, the young man contracted fever. As he lay on his bed in the hospital, he reviewed his past days. Suddenly he heard the sound of music. It was The Army and playing "My Jesus I love Thee," they escorted the body of a departed comrade to the grave. That music was music indeed to the young man's ears. He felt it was no use trying to forget the dear old Army, with its wonderful drum, and so he came and then promised God if He would restore his health, that he would serve Him 'neath the Yellow, Red, and Blue. Strange to say, when he left the hospital, he again found himself living almost next door to The Army Hall. It was enough. He saw the call. To-day he is a well-known Staff Officer in the Dominion.

A Sign Understood.

He was commonly known as a wild and home, and the monotonous run of everyday life could not hold him in bounds, and so Jack became a roaming rascal.

One day, however, he happened to be in an Army Hall—the place for few jokes, he thought. But on this occasion, the words of the speaker strangely gripped Jack's mind, and he sat rigid and still in his seat until the invitation for sinners to come to the mercy seat was given.

Should he go? Yes! and with a bound he was at the penitent form. "I knew he was saved," said his mother, "because he came home and kissed me—a thing he hasn't done for years."

How Tom Broke the News.

It was a memorable day for Tom B— when The Army came his way. Tom, previous to conversion, was a regular Western hobo, and so when he did get converted, he decided that his former "gang mates" should know it right away. And this is how he did it.

WHAT THEY SAY
ABOUT THE CHRISTMAS
WAR CRY.

"I have received the Canadian Christmas Cry, and in my humble opinion it is a beauty. This is the best yet. — Staff-Captain Andrews, Glen Ellyn, Ill."

"I think it is one of the best Crys that has ever been published. . . . I have heard nothing but very high opinions of the Christmas Cry, and sold well here. . . . I do not think much improvement could be made on it.—Capt. Lang, Goderich."

"I believe this year's Christmas Cry to be the best yet produced. . . . The unanimous opinion at this camp is that is the best yet.—Cadet Townsend, East Toronto."

"The Christmas Crys sold very well indeed. The public in general seemed to like it very much. We had our supply so readily that we had an extra supply.—Captain Sexton, Westtown, N. S."

"The Christmas Cry is the best they sold like hot cakes.—Cap-

Tommy visited his mother at the home town one day. Attired in full Army uniform, he strode up the street, past the old hamlets, determined more than ever to publicly proclaim his conversion to God, which had taken place in another town.

Calling on the English Church, Methodist, and Presbyterian ministers, he asked their assistance in an open-air meeting he determined to hold, even if alone. And so, in company with the ministers, Tom marched to the little street corner, and there told the people who quickly gathered around at such an unusual sight, of the wonderful change he had experienced. It was a daring deed for a convert. Tom's former chums were almost speechless as they saw their old-time colleague in S. A. uniform, but they could not refrain from giving Tom a good handshake.

(The Episcopalian clergyman firmly believes that his congregations have increased ever since that remarkable open-air meeting.)



Some of the Gifts Given by The Salvation Army at Hamilton to the Poor.

Carrying the Cross.

To pray in a pool room is not so easy a job as one might suppose, but it was simply through that very act that young Sergeant — gained one of the biggest blessings he ever experienced. He was taking up an open-air collection at the time, and among other places he entered, was a noted pool room. A giddy, half-drunken lot of young men greeted our comrade with a mock cheer. The Sergeant went around the evil-smelling place, but before he passed out, he felt he ought to pray just there

and then. My, here was a cross. But the Sergeant took it up, and with the words, "Boys, I'm going to pray," knelt in the midst of the gaming tables, and poured out his soul to God for the salvation of the wayward young men.

Rods and balls went down with a clatter, and the godless young men gathered around the praying Sergeant. Why they did so, some of them did not know, but the Sergeant did.

A Timely Interruption.

Cadet — was selling his Crys in a Toronto saloon. Suddenly a young man, dissipated and bloated, came up to him and offered his hand. The Cadet took it, and after a while began to talk to the young man about his soul. "Oh, I am a black-sheep," he said. "There's no help for me. Anyway, before I come to your meeting I must have another drink." And he called for the liquor. But before the glass

morning and went to the knee-drill seeking the priceless gift of God.

Saved on the Street.

He Cut It Short.

Jack — was a good Soldier, but he had got into the bad habit of talking such a long time in the meeting that others hardly got a chance to put a word in edgeways.

How he got cured was as follows: In calling for testimonies one night a visiting Officer made the remark that some people blessed others greatly by the first part of their testimony, but took the blessing back in the second part.

Jack was thoughtful that night. "Did it mean him?"

He evidently concluded that the cap fitted his head, and so he wore it. Ever after that, he endeavored to bless the people, and let the blessing remain with them.

Gave Up Reward.

Salvation Army Officer Though Needy Deposited Personal Gift in Poor Box.

Though he declared he hadn't "five cents between him and heaven," Corporal J. H. Beck, of The Salvation Army, declined to keep a two dollar bill that was given him for finding a purse containing over twenty dollars and restoring it to its owner.

The Corporal had charge of The Army's poor box at King and Church Streets, and while stationed there, found a lady's purse. He notified P. C. No. 124, and the owner soon after appeared. She insisted on making a present to Corporal Beck and he promptly deposited the bill in the box.—Daily paper.

Half the ills we hoard in our hearts are ills because we hoard them.

tain W. Fraser, Liverpool, N. S."

"I have read with much interest the Christmas Number of the War Cry. The issue is worthy of the great cause it represents.—A Methodist Reader of the War Cry."

"My opinion of the Christmas Cry is 'the best yet.'—Captain Charles Allen, Smith's Falls."

"I should like to say that so far I have never seen a War Cry to equal the Christmas Cry, and I heartily congratulate the Editor and his Staff on such a perfect production. The people are delighted with it.—Captain Field, Swansea."

"I have gone carefully through the Christmas Cry and must say it is a splendid production and reflects the highest credit on all who have had anything to do with it.—Major Levi Taylor, Montreal."

"I have just finished the very pleasurable job of reading the Christmas War Cry from cover and cover and I find that its general make-up compels a few lines from me. Two years ago I thought that for beauty and interest the limit had been reached; but when I got last year's I think I must have felt something like Samuel the Prophet felt when he was sent to

the house of Jesse the Bethlehemite to anoint the future King of Israel, and saw before him the manly form and beauty of Eliab. He said, 'Surely the Lord's anointed is before me.' But he was not. I too, was disappointed, but agreeably so, when the present Cry put in its appearance, because, according to my opinion, it outstrips all previous ones.—Eli Higgins, Thorold."

(We have not reached the limit yet, Brother Higgins, watch for the next.—Ed.)

"The Christmas Cry is splendid, and we have sold nearly seven hundred like hot cakes.—Lieut. West, Uxbridge."

PRESS OPINIONS.

The Christmas Number of The War Cry, just published by The Salvation Army in Toronto, is a production with many interesting features, which should ensure for it a wide circulation. Special care has been given to the preparation of the pictorial section, and the results reflect no little credit on the publishers.—Chatham "Planet."

Anyone purchasing the Christmas Number of the War Cry, may rely on

getting the value of their money. It is full of interesting articles bearing on Christmas, and in addition to this has a handsome pictorial section and a beautiful insert coloured engraving, entitled, "On the Firing Line," showing a thrilling war scene.—Charlottetown "Examiner."

The Christmas edition of the War Cry just received, will be read with interest by all who know of the noble work being done by The Salvation Army in this city, and all over the world. There is a magnificent supplement which goes with the issue.—Charlottetown "Guardian."

We have received a copy of the War Cry Christmas Number, and it is exceedingly beautiful in matter and picture. . . . We congratulate The Army on their Christmas Number, and while extending to them the season's greetings, we hope and believe that their glorious work of succoring and redeeming mankind will go on until the dawn of the millennium.—Charlottetown "Patriot."

Ensign Habbirk, of the local Corps of The Salvation Army, is just in receipt of some 1,200 copies of the Christmas Number of the War Cry. The issue is a worthy one, full of interesting facts.—Brandon "Sun."

RESCUE WORK IN JAPAN.

Sympathy With Rescue Work. A young man recently called at the Japanese Headquarters, and told Brigadier Yamaniuro that he had read in the papers accounts of the shameful traffic in young girls which existed in some parts of Japan, and of The Salvation Army's efforts to assist these poor creatures. This had interested him so much that he commenced saving, in order to be able to help our work, and he handed to the Brigadier a box containing over 73 yen, which he had thus economized.

Out-and-Out Salvation. While the Officer at Osaka II, was conducting an Open-air meeting recently, a young man rushed into the middle of the ring crying, "I repent! I repent!" and pleaded for mercy. The Officer took the man to his Quarters, dealt with him faithfully, and the man owned up to having stolen some goods. After the Captain had prayed with him, they both marched off to the police station, and, with tears streaming down his face and a breaking heart, he confessed his wrong and gave himself up. The Captain interceded on his behalf, but had not gone far, when all three, police inspector, penitent, and himself, broke down, and cried like children. It was a real case of repentance, which not only resulted in the man obtaining mercy and forgiveness from God, but also from the Osaka magistrate. He is at present doing well and giving every satisfaction in the situation found him by the Captain. The whole story, inserted in large type, appeared in four leading newspapers in Osaka.

The second story was that of another notorious burglar, a skilled carpenter by trade (before taking to burglary) who broke into 186 "Godowns" (a kind of store or strong room.) So cunning and quick was he in getting from one town to another, that only twice did the police get hold of him. He got out of prison on one occasion, and escaped, his former trade made him capable of following the profession of burglary with unusual success. To the joy of the police, he entered our Prison Gate Home four years ago, and although for a time he was a source of trouble to us, at last he got converted, and gave practical evidence of a real change of heart and life. He is at present in business as a carpenter, and employs six apprentices. The alterations in our new Kanda Hall were undertaken by him, and he framed and presented to our new Prison Gate Home, two striking Bible pictures, likely to appeal to the men who pass through the Home. These pictures hung on the walls of the meeting room at the opening.

LIMELIGHT SERVICE.

Seven Souls for Salvation.

Bracebridge Corps very much enjoyed the interesting limelight service recently given by Captain Harvey Lloyd; a splendid crowd assembled to see it.

The weekend meetings were also well attended. Converts are just doing well in their efforts to push on the war. We rejoiced over seven souls who knelt at the mercy seat for pardon on Sunday night.—H. V. J.

Stirring Words by
Brigadier Roberts.

The following is an outline of the addresses delivered by Brigadier Roberts, at Carleton, N. B.:

Saturday Evening.

Ps. lxxxiv. 11—

"The Lord God is a Sun and a Shield.

The Lord will give grace and glory.

No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."

Two figures are used to show what God is—"a sun and shield." Two facts stated to show what God gives—"grace and glory," and a startling declaration made concerning those who make a religious profession and live accordingly—"No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."

1. "The two figures: 'The Lord God is a sun and shield.' First a sun. Think of what the natural sun in the heavens is to all the inhabitants of this earth—the source of light, heat, life, and every blessing we enjoy. We are informed by scientists, that the sun produces every minute, as much light and heat as could be obtained from eleven billion tons of coal. But whatever wonders they attribute to the sun, our God is all that and much more. As a sun He is the source: (1) of spiritual illumination to the mind, 2 Cor. iv. 4, 6.

WHO IS THE BIGGEST DRUNKARD IN YOUR TOWN? You don't know. Well, find out, and make a point of getting him saved.

(2) of spiritual and eternal life to the soul, and (3) of all the comforts and blessings which go to make up the Christian experience from day to day. Without God we could not pray effectually, rejoice or be glad, but when possessed by Him, "New songs do thus our lips employ, and dances our glad heart for joy." But there are times when the sun is so powerful that we are glad to seek shelter from his rays, and the Lord God is that shelter, for He is a shield as well as a sun. As a sun, He produces spiritual life in the soul, but, as a shield, He protects and preserves the life He has produced. "No weapon that is found against" such "shall prosper" for "If God be for us who can be against us." To Abraham God said: "I am thy shield."

Sunday Morning.

II.—The facts: "The Lord will give grace and glory." It is His nature to give. On Calvary He gave His Son and "He that spared not His own Son but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things," and among the "all things," are "grace and glory." First He will give grace.

By "grace" is meant something opposed to debt and cannot be obtained by works. Rom. iv. 4. It is the unmerited favour of God bestowed freely on those who repent and turn from their sins to their Saviour—they are "justified freely by God's grace."

(1) To the penitent He gives the grace of pardon, Rom. v. 1, 2.

(2) To the backslider He gives the grace of restoration, Gal. vi. 1.

(3) To the Christian He gives the grace of purity.

"They which receive abundance of

grace shall reign in life by Jesus Christ."

2.—Thus He gives glory. The word "glory" means "greatness," "grandeur," "magnificence," "Solomon in all his glory." Grace on earth and glory in heaven, but with a goodly share of glory here while travelling to the fullness of the glory hereafter.

"The men of grace have found glory before below," the "glory" of a gracious and a useful life.

Sunday Evening.

2.—The startling declaration: "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."

"He," of course, must be the Judge of the "good things," and not those who "walk uprightly." "He" is their Father, and they are His children, and it is the Father who has to be the judge as to what is right and "good" for His children.

To "walk uprightly" is to walk as Enoch did, of whom it is said he "walked with God."

This implies conversion, reformation. Men by nature are "dead in sin," and dead men cannot move, much less "walk." Therefore, to "walk uprightly" is to be "born

again." We once read on Duncan Mathieson's tombstone in Perth, Scotland, "born in 1820, born again in 1840, and died in 1860."

If you have not experienced this new birth, you cannot "walk uprightly," and neither can you tell what calamities may be awaiting you.

"All things work together for good to them that love God," but all things work together for ill to those who persist in grieving God.

We have not originated the doctrine of the new birth. Our Lord said to Nicodemus, and through him to the whole race, "Ye must be born again."

Those who yield themselves to God become possessed of God's Spirit, and He effects this wondrous change within and imparts power to "walk uprightly."

The lives of such regenerated persons become, 1st, useful; 2nd, Christ-like, and 3rd, consistent. They "walk circumspectly," or carefully, "not as fools, but as wise." God is their Friend, for He is "a Buckler to them that walk uprightly," and "no good thing will He withhold from them," either here or hereafter, world without end.

"I feel to-night," said one of the converts at the close of the meeting, "that I have been born again."

Captain Strickland is leading us on to victory at Harry's Harbour. The revival fire is burning, and quite a number have been converted. Ensign Oxford was with us recently, and gave us a lantern service on Saturday night. We greatly enjoyed his address on Sunday. We are doing our utmost to get our Hall completed.

Tea-Table Tales

WHICH DO YOU THINK IS THE BEST, EH?

Send a Post Card and Let Us Know, So That We May Send a Ten Dollar Bill to Some Officer's Wife for a Christmas Box.

Tea Table Tales is a Short Story Competition for our Officers' wives. These Short Stories appeared in the Christmas Cry, and we want you to read them and then send us a post card containing the title of the one you think the best. No post cards will count after January 25th, so please send them in at once.

A Call to the Front

WANTED—for the next Session of Training, commencing in February, 1909, a number of consecrated young men and women. To those who are anxious to use their time and talents in building up the Kingdom of God—and thus laying up treasure in Heaven—this is an opportunity the angels would covet.

Time is fleeting! and with it your opportunities. You cannot recall the past, but the future is YOURS.

To the front! no more dilly-dallying,
Wounded spirits need thy care;
To the front! the Lord obeying,
Stoop to help the dying there.

Apply TO-DAY to your Provincial Commander, or to

BRIGADIER SOUTHALL,
Candidates' Department,
S. A. Temple,
Toronto, Ont.

WASTE HUMANITY

(Continued from page 3.)

"When I heard of this case, I inquired what had been done to the husband. Nothing! He had escaped scot free."

The report contains the following statistics, which relate to last year: Number of cheap meals supplied, 5,899,925; cheap lodgings for the homeless, 2,180,589; number for whom temporary or permanent work has been found, 22,493; number of ex-criminals assisted, restored to friends and sent to situations, 1,187.

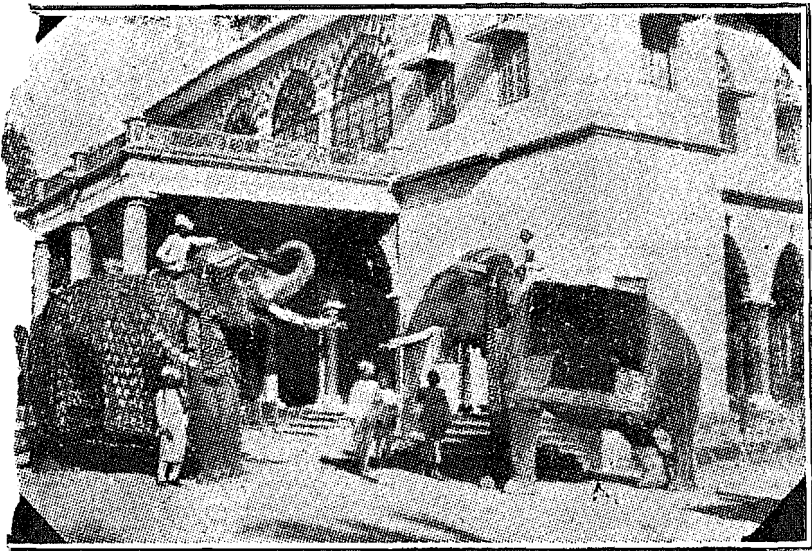
May we conclude this notice of the book with the concluding words of the preface:—

"I have long since satisfied myself of the sincerity of its aims, and the soundness of its general policy, and my hope is that some who read this book will be led to look at its campaigns apart from ancient prejudice or idle calumny, and help it as it deserves to be helped."

While our Officers were away at Councils, the Calgary Band took charge of the Thursday night and Sunday afternoon meetings. At the close of the Thursday night's meeting, one soul knelt at the Cross and found salvation.

Sacred Animals of India

Interesting Account of the Strange Veneration of the Lower Creation by the Hindus.



The Sacred Elephants.

THE place held by these creatures in India, is different from that accorded them in any other country. Every animal is looked upon as just the cover of a spirit. Such conceptions are culled from obsolete thought, but on the vibrant lip and life of India. Once is always in the Orient. Someone has called Hindu worship religion based on the care of a cow. Certainly the affection and veneration bestowed upon this animal cannot be even dimly grasped by the western mind. "Brother to the ox," no poetic license on lips that daily ask, "Our Mother the Cow."

The idea may be traced back to the primitive naturalism of the layers of the Rig-Veda, whose sonorous Sanscrit m's and n's invoke but the God is Cow-Giver, Lord of Cattle, Bestower of Cattle. The apophories of these eucharistic songs sound like the lowing of cows to their new-born calves.

In latter mythology, every god has an animal vehicle or vahana, inseparable from him; every epic-hero is aided by some beast endowed with man powers. Poem and parable carry on the strain; till with the Hindu instinct to make of everything an emanation from God, animals have become even more sacred than men.

The Sacred Cow.

From Sanscrit legends we may learn how deep-rooted are the religious convictions on which the sacredness of the cow is based; the tender regard in which she is held; the affectionate companionship accorded her; also the horror with which our eating the flesh of "our mother" is regarded. Everything about the cow has been observed and noted. Every emanation from her body is venerated and used in worship. "As much water as will lie in a hole made in the mud by a cow's hoof," is a well-known Aryan measure.

The sacred Brahman bulls almost constitute an order of religious mendicants by themselves. They feed at will from straw-pile, fruit-seller's basket, or evening meal at door of hut, making holy any dish which they touch. The older ones are fully alive to their privileges, and select the finest fruit. Sometimes a patient milkseller will remonstrate: "My mother, eat not from my stall, it is not worthy! The man across the way makes much better gulab-jam; is richer than I, and can better afford to have thee for a friend! May please your holiness to go!—nay! my brother—it is too bad! But do thy will."

Even a foreigner can almost feel the affection for the royal bullocks. They draw the gold and silver carriages of state, can respond to the caresses of their forest-glances, and the white caress of wh-

flanks, and admiration of gold-tipped horns and gold-shod feet. The jeweled harness, with trailing cloths, stiff with precious handiwork, completes the richness of carved metal, inlaid teak and ivory, and wind-swept curtains, from which glance dawn-flashing, dawn-reflecting eyes, their pupils black bees caught in white jade lotus-prisons. The cart may be red lacquer, with peacocks gilded on the poles and Burma rubies seeded in its diapers. Wreathed with scarlet flowers, the cattle look indeed of celestial origin and like no animals we know.

The Royal Elephant.

What the cow is to the humble, is the elephant to royalty. In every palace courtyard stands this king-beast-of-the-stables; as in the centre of every royal cowshed one finds a tiger in a cage; for, singularly enough, this animal is said to bring good luck to cows, probably by increasing their milk through fear. The great beast Hathi often roams unattended through the bazaars, and seems to know everybody, quite with the air of the "oldest inhabitant" of a New England village.

The gorgeousness of the state elephant has often been written, but no circus reproduction of Durbar-pageant gives any idea of his accoutered glory; the paintings of the late Edwin Lord Weeks were in no way exaggerations of his magnificence, which, overpowering as it seems to-day, history tells to be but a glimmer of former splendour.

Rhinoceroses and Lions.

In Junagadh, Kathiawar, I saw the royal rhinoceroses wander as freely through the bazaars as elephants, though with their reptilian horned snouts they look utterly untamable; and, indeed, if of African race, would be so—but all Asiatic beasts are of milder nature.

His Highness the Nawab of Junagadh also enjoys the distinction of keeping the only preserve of lions left in Hindustan. In the

days of the great fossil saber-toothed tiger, these beasts—who bore an implacable animosity for the race of elephants and in the forepoints of whose crooked claws stuck the pearls torn from mammoth frontal-bones, roamed all over India; but now only a small herd is left in the sacred Girwar forest in this little corner of the Mahratta peninsula. They are almost tame, are known and called by name. A few are kept around the palace of the king. So long ago the memory of the lion faded away in India, no word remains in ordinary vernaculars. The natives call them ontal-waghs, or camel-coloured tigers.

The Ubiquitous Monkey.

All over India monkeys run in and out the pattern of life. You will see them looking in through your window as you take your chot-d-hazri, or "little-breakfast;" they scamper over the roofs holding their young in distressingly human fashion; sit down on their blue or orange pelvicious cushions, and perhaps hold up in derision some object they have stolen from the table. I heard of one who caught a small pig, and, apparently struck by a thought, when he heard it squeal, took it in his arms and began twisting its tail round and round like the handle of an organ.

In palaces they assume the gravity of princes; in temples, the holiness of priests. Many live in hollow trees in Benares, or hide in the recesses of the sanctuary to pick up the grains that fall from the pilgrims' offerings. They extend hands horribly repulsive, often covered with cheap rings that the bayaderes of the temple have given them. They have even been known to seize a strip of veil and go through a mock marriage ceremony with unprompted precision.

Serpents and Dogs.

"And where do I come in?" says Naga, the serpent. "Do I not hold the world on my seven heads of bronze-inlaid-with-silver? Am I not at once couch-and-canopy for the lotus-sleep of Vishnu till he calls white Kalkin? Do I not kill eleventh-twelfths of all human beings slain each year by wild ones, and yet they still worship me and set me pans of spice-milk?"

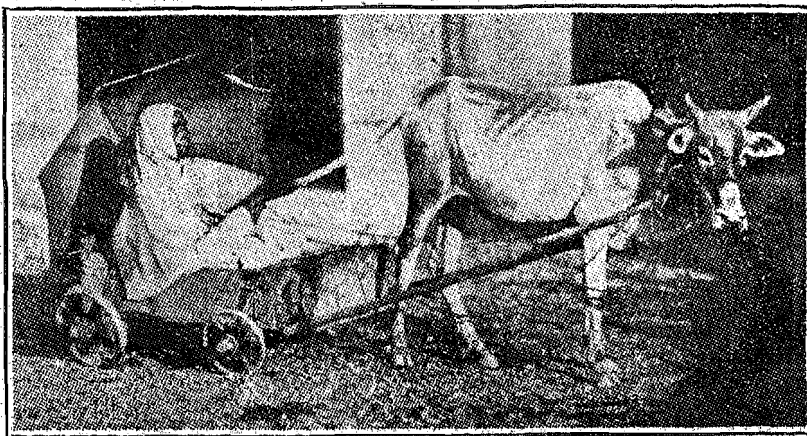
Yes, it was thy wish to kill me, too. I found thee in my bed one night, coiled under the chuddah. I salute thee and pass. Thou art too great for our feeble wisdom. We admire thy jewels, but our hearts hold no place for thee.

"Forget not the dog, O Sahib! Forget not the dog! Did he not accompany Yudhisthira to heaven? He must have a place!"

No, we will not forget the dog, remembering even the puppet of Sahu of Satara, grandson of great Sivaji, who, having been saved by a dog, dressed it in brocade and jewels, put a turban on its head, and made Mahratta chieftains bow before it in full durbar.

From these traditions and legends we can turn with relief to God's Word, where we read that instead of worshipping animals, man was intended by his Creator to "have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth."

As the soil, however rich it be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation cannot produce good fruits.



In This Chariot the Indian Beggar-Woman Finds Contentment.

Promoted to Glory.

SISTER PHOEBE HUTCHINGS, OF WHITBOURNE, N.F.L.D.

The home of Brother Hutchings, of Whitbourne, Newfoundland, has again been visited by death. Some time ago Sister Mrs. Hutchings went to the Glory-land, and now her daughter, Phoebe, has also gone to that fair land. The call came on Saturday morning, November 21st. Phoebe had suffered for several months with consumption, but her trust was in God.

The most important question of her life was settled about five months ago. When asked if she had anything to say before she left this earth, she simply replied, "Meet me in Heaven."

Captain Heberden, of St. John's F. H. Q., conducted the funeral service. May God soothe and bring to His bleeding feet the bereaved, who are still unsaved.—L. Shearn, Captain.

SISTER THRASHER, OF PEMBROKE.

We have to report the sudden promotion to Glory of Sister Thrasher, who passed away on the afternoon of 10th of December, at the age of thirty-nine.

Our Sister was a Soldier of the Pembroke Corps for sixteen years, and she will be missed very much. When she was asked how she felt in her soul, she said, "Oh, quite well, thank you," and her spirit left her. She was enrolled, married, and buried under the colours of The Salvation Army. We conducted a memorial service on Sunday, on behalf of our departed comrade. The Hall was packed.

Pray for the husband and five children who are left behind.

SERGEANT J. SHACKINAW, OF WRANGELL, ALASKA.

A faithful warrior of the Cross in the Dominion's most North-Western region, has gone to his reward.

Sergeant John Shackinaw had been Colour-Sergeant of Wrangell Corps for years, and when strength would permit, he was always to be found at his post. Two weeks before he passed away he was at the Hall, and in his testimony, remarked that probably it would be the last time he would be able to get to the meetings. It was so, that dire disease, consumption, had nearly done its terrible work, but our dear comrade was not afraid of death. Two days before he died, the writer visited him, and questioned him as to his soul's welfare. There was no hesitancy in his reply that all was well, and that his sky was clear. His last words on earth were "Glory to God," which words he repeated three times, and then went from earth to heaven, with the heavenly message on his lips.

He leaves a widow, father and brother to mourn his loss. May God bless them.

We gave him a real Army funeral. To see the Indian dying in the faith cheers us.—R. Smith.

BROTHER HERBERT LOCKE, OF SHOAL ARM.

Death has again visited Shoal Arm, Newfoundland, and from the home of Brother and Sister Locke, their eldest son Herbert, has passed away from this earth, just a day after his 22nd birthday. A few days before he died, he gave his heart to God, and from that time until he passed away, he was never heard to murmur; he only longed for the end to come. We believe that our loss is Heaven's gain.

A sorrowing father and mother, three sisters and one brother remain. May God comfort them.—W. J. Whitehorn, Lieutenant.

He who is full of faith will be faithful.

It takes a wise man to master his own zeal.

Do your duty and let somebody else talk about it.

A black and white woodcut-style illustration of a woman with a large, ornate hairstyle, looking down at a small object in her hand. The style is expressive and sketchy, with heavy shading and visible brushstrokes. The signature 'e. 1911' is visible in the lower left corner.

CHAPTER VI. TWO DECISIONS.

went over to the window. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and he stood for some time watching the scene before him. The pretty little town lay below him nestling in a valley, its inhabitants all wrapped in peaceful slumber. Behind it rose the hills, their slopes thickly wooded with spruce, fir and birch, while to the right spread the vast expanse of ocean, across which the moon had stretched a brilliant banner of light. A thousand fancies crowded into the young man's brain as he stood at the window. Memories of happy days spent on the water or in the woods came back to him; his whole life, with its pleasant associations and companionships seemed to pass in review before him, and as he contrasted his boyish ideals, ambitions and hopes with the new outlook on life that now filled his vision, he almost gave way to feelings of regret. His future now seemed so uncertain, the path seemed so dark and stormy, so beset with difficulties, and moreover, he felt so lonely that he staggered at the thought of taking any more decided steps. To leave his home, to part with his parents and friends, to give up his prospects of worldly advancement, to bear the reproaches of his mother and the ridicule of his worldly acquaintances seemed to this young man on the threshold of life, the very hardest thing in the world that he could be called upon to do. Then the words he had just been reading came back to his mind with special power.

A black and white illustration of a man in a white shirt and dark trousers sitting in a wooden chair, writing in a book. He is positioned in front of a window with a framed picture on the wall. To his right is a large oval mirror. The scene is dimly lit, with light coming from the window.

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OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER.

GERMANY.

Incident Connected with The General's Recent Visit.—At one of The General's meetings in the Circus Busch at Berlin, on Repentance Day, a young man came forward to the penitent-form with his hand bound up. His history was afterwards found to be as follows:—

He was the son of a good family living in the city of Berlin. His parents had given him a good education, and found him a fine situation. Instead, however, of giving attention to his work, he gave way to frivolity, and gradually sank into profligate habits, until he stole money from the cash box. This brought him into difficulties at home, and being the subject of reproofs from his father, he determined to take his own life. He bought a revolver, and attempted to kill himself, but, instead, only injured his hand. Coming from the hospital, after having had his hand attended to, he saw a placard announcing The General's visit. He came to the Circus Busch in the afternoon, spending the last mark he had for the purchase of an entrance ticket. He attended again at night, and was one of the first to come to the mercy seat, where he told his story. His case was immediately taken up, his parents were seen, and in the Training Home a most touching reconciliation was effected between the parents and their son. Since then we have kept in touch with the family.

The General's Visit to Breslau.—At The General's meeting at Breslau, one of our woman Soldiers succeeded in getting her husband out to the penitent form. The poor woman had had a hard fight in her home, he having tried all possible means to get her to backslide and leave The Army, but she fought on, and now the Lord had come to her help. With his wife kneeling at his side, he sobbed out the prayer: "Oh, Lord, forgive me for tearing up my wife's song book. Forgive me! forgive me!"

UNITED STATES.

Practical Christianity.—Adjutant Dowell, the Officer in charge of Missoula, Mont., recently visited the jail and found that two old men had been taken there on account of there being no room for them in the hospital. One of them had just passed away on the cold, damp floor of the jail, and the other one was very ill indeed. Under these circumstances the Adjutant cut his usual spiritual meeting very short, and darted away to the Quarters for mattresses and blankets, while another comrade hurried for some warm soup. They soon returned with mattresses, soup, etc., made the old man comfortable, and ministered to his physical needs. Seemingly he is progressing favourably; but the one old man dying on the floor of the jail so worked upon the Adjutant's heart and mind, that he made it a subject of some suitable remarks in the big open-air meeting he was holding that night. Unknown to him, the mayor of the city was listening to the proceedings. As soon as the mayor had heard this, he went and investigated the case, and finding it to be as the Adjutant had put it, set to work to stir up the city, with the result that the conditions of the jail and hospital are to be greatly improved, and The Salvation Army has the credit of bringing this about.

DON'T BE DOWN-HEARTED IF IN THE REVIVAL CAMPAIGN AT YOUR CORPS You don't get converts in scores. The "ones" total up.

INDIA and CEYLON.

Prison Work—Ceylon—During Colonel Bates' auditing visit to Ceylon, he had the opportunity of addressing 305 prisoners in the largest prison on the island. They seemed much moved by the Colonel's simple presentation of the truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Training and Telegu Territory.—Lieut.-Colonel Yesu Ratnam (Stevens) supplying for Commissioner Booth-Tucker, recently conducted a meeting in the College Hall at Calcutta. It was attended by about 400 students. The Colonel gave them a little talk on The Salvation Army, and then swore in seven or eight new Soldiers under the Flag. One of them was a British soldier belonging to the Gordon Highlanders, and another a

JAPAN.

Answer to Prayer.—Osaka II. is rather a hard Corps, and one particular week, when the income was specially low, the Officer found himself without food or money. Kneeling down in his room, he prayed earnestly for the needful, and just as he got up from his knees, an old woman entered with a bag of rice and vegetables. The Captain's faith is undoubtedly strengthened by this evidence of God's care.

On Military Service.—One of our Lieutenants, who is doing his military service, has made a brave stand for God, and has been the means of the conversion of several of his comrades and two officers. Our comrade who is a good artist, was requested to paint a picture as a decoration at the annual festival, which is held to

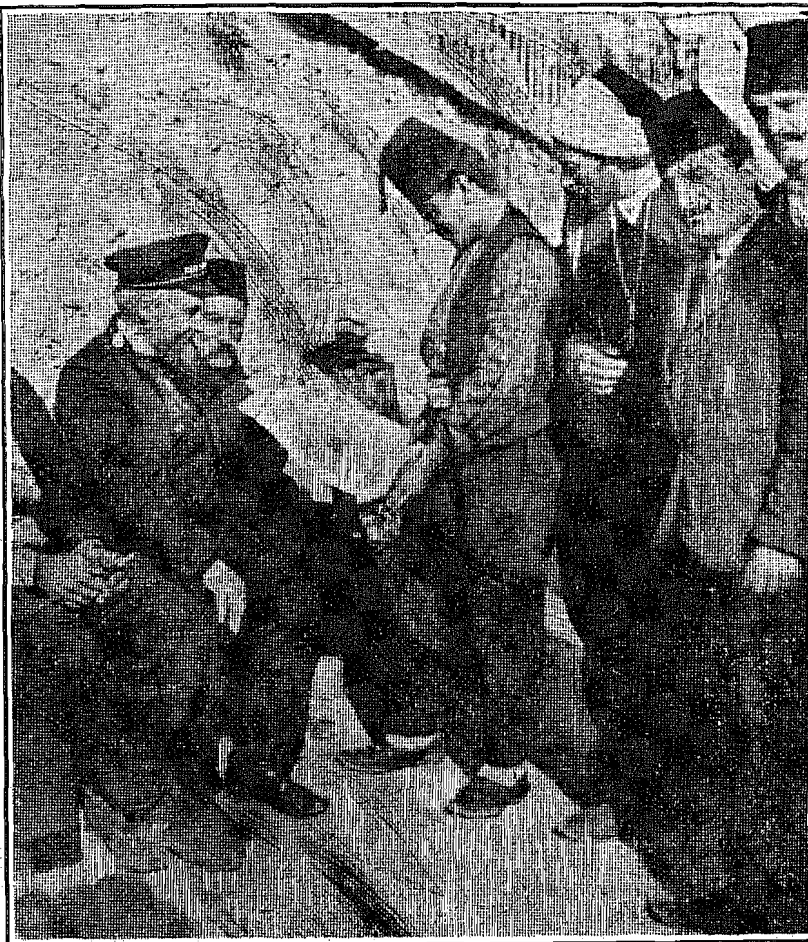
KOREA.

Colonel Hoggard again reports a day of much blessing on Sunday, November 15th. In the afternoon over 500 people assembled on the piece of ground surrounding the Colonel's house. From that meeting alone there were 84 penitents, and a total of 130 to the day. Those who come forward publicly to seek salvation in the open-air are afterwards taken into the house, where they are taught to pray and dealt with by our more advanced converts. They do not conceal their feelings at all, but burst into a torrent of prayer.

The Colonel was expecting to open a Hall, holding four hundred during the next few days, and this will no doubt prove of great help in carrying on our work.

IN ASIA MINOR.

COMMISSIONER RAILTON VISITS SMYRNA.



Commissioner Railton Shows a Copy of the War Cry to the Delighted Turks.

Before passing on from Turkey to Egypt, Commissioner Railton called at the ancient seaport of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, from which he sends a pleasant picture of the freedom and goodwill of the people under the new Turkish Government. He also speaks of the friendliness of the people towards The Army.

Here in Smyrna, with a very large preponderance of Greek population (writes the Commissioner), it is delightful to find Turks and Greeks, even in the heat of their first election, so entirely fraternal that the race-leaders have been arranging for each other's candidates enough to ensure a proportional representation that will satisfy them all round. Here we could find plenty of work among Greeks, Turks, Armenians and Jews.

Mr. McLachlan, President of International College, says one of his first thoughts when the new Constitution was proclaimed was, "Not The Salvation Army." He has with a school here eighteen years ago, into which they had nine lads, and has gone on from that adding and developing, till it is a college of from 300 to 350, boyhood up to manhood, studying everything.

Among the 300 I addressed some from Constantinople, Athens, and from every part East; from the islands of Turkey, Greece, and from Crete & donia.

To hear them sing, "So Christ, arise, and put you on!" and know that they whether of Moslem, Orthodox, Roman Catholic, American, Irish families, learning together perfect brotherhood, with lessons daily, and no parting—what a lesson for them! The city of Smyrna is Constantinople in man. With its docks and wharves paved streets, and its truly a striking contrast. Nearly all the people speak two languages, Turkish and Greek. The city has no fewer papers.

Of Turkey outside I have seen nothing. I have seen nothing anxious to get to Egypt.

young, well-educated Bengalee.

There is some very interesting news of soul-saving in the Telegu Province, one or two villages being practically prepared to come over to us as soon as we can send Officers.

Gujerat and Western India Territory.—A plan has been sanctioned for a travelling dispensary amongst the Bhils, a wild tribe, amongst whom The Salvation Army has been working for a number of years with considerable success. The Officer in charge of the Dohad Dispensary will set out on camel back, taking with him a supply of medicines, bandages, etc., and will thus be able to reach many sick people in the villages who have been unable to come to the dispensary.

At a place called Sokhda, which is one of the oldest Corps in Gujerat, four of the Soldiers desired to give a piece of land to The Army, on condition of our erecting a Hall upon it.

commemorate the day when the flag was presented by the Emperor. He painted a picture of a soldier being pulled by a military officer and a Salvationist towards manliness, goodness, and sobriety, and being pulled in the opposite direction by the devils of drinking, smoking, and gambling, etc., which attracted much attention at the festival.

A Temperance Magazine.—A Japanese Magazine called "The Light of Nations," recently contained the following paragraph:

"The majority of old men have some pet amusement at which they wear away their days. Some men amuse themselves in tastefully decorating their rooms with the choicest flowers, others engage in singing old songs in ancient style, but General Booth's way of living in old age is the grandest example we have on record—preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and getting souls saved."

The Story of a Might- Have-Been.

This is a human document of great interest. It describes the story of a young man who became a Salvationist, and ought to have been an Officer, but his parents were against The Army. He became a backslider, an outlaw, and was shot dead by a sheriff's posse under most exciting circumstances.



"She Hurried Home and Shut Herself In her Room for a Period of Quiet Reflection."

CHAPTER VI. TWO DECISIONS.

IN the privacy of his own room that night Will Parker knelt down and prayed for grace to follow Christ all the way, bearing His Cross. He saw dimly, as yet, all that it meant for him, but he had put his hand to the plough and determined not to draw back. He could not help but feel that God was calling him to leave all and follow Him in the same way that He had called the young Salvation Army Captain, who was now in charge of the Corps in the town. That would mean that he would have to withdraw from the business projects in which his father was so interested, and devote his time and strength to winning souls to Christ. He knew that his father would be more enraged than ever when he learned of this, for his greatest ambition in life was that Will should follow in his footsteps, and carry on the work that he had commenced.

Poor father! thought Will, "he will be all wrapped up in the affairs of life, and his ambitions are limited by the horizon of time. It is certain that I shall now have to say myself to him in many ways. I expect there will be no end of this, when I state my intentions for the future. It will upset my plans, and father is not used to having his will thwarted by anyone. I think he is even willing to let the plans be set aside by the but that remains to be seen."

He then opened his Bible, and read to the tenth chapter of Matthew as follows: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth, but I come not to send peace, but a sword."

For I am come to set a variance against his father, daughter against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes they of his own household. I will not say that I have not loved my father or mother more than I do myself; but I will say that I will love God more than I do myself, and my son or daughter more than I do myself. And he that loveth his father or mother more than I do myself, he is not worthy of me. And he that loveth his cross and himself, he is not worthy of me."

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went over to the window. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and he stood for some time watching the scene before him. The pretty little town lay below him nestling in a valley, its inhabitants all wrapped in peaceful slumber. Behind it rose the hills, their slopes thickly wooded with spruce, fir and birch, while to the right spread the vast expanse of ocean, across which the moon had stretched a brilliant banner of light. A thousand fancies crowded into the young man's brain as he stood at the window. Memories of happy days spent on the water or in the woods came back to him; his whole life, with its pleasant associations and companionships seemed to pass in review before him, and as he contrasted his boyish ideals, ambitions and hopes with the new outlook on life that now filled his vision, he almost gave way to feelings of regret. His future now seemed so uncertain, the path seemed so dark and stormy, so beset with difficulties, and moreover, he felt so lonely that he staggered at the thought of taking any more decided steps. To leave his home, to part with his parents and friends, to give up his prospects of worldly advancement, to bear the reproaches of his mother and the ridicule of his worldly acquaintances seemed to this young man on the threshold of life, the very hardest thing in the world that he could be called upon to do. Then the words he had just been reading came back to his mind with special power.

"And he that taketh not his cross and followeth Me, is not worthy of Me." He repeated the verse to himself over and over again. "Well, I thought I had settled all this controversy when I knelt at the Army penitent form," he said. "It seems as

world,' as Paul calls him. Well, I decide once again Mr. Devil, to go the way God wants me to go, whatever it means for me, and you can paint the future as black as you like, for it won't turn me aside from following Christ."

Then Will retired to rest with a peaceful conscience.

In another house in the same town, another fierce conflict was going on. It will be remembered that Mabel Cameron had also disappeared after the service, and her friends wondered where she had gone to. The words of The Army Captain had really sunk into her heart, and she was affected by them more than she cared to show. Her apparent unconcern and lightheartedness had been forced, and when she reflected upon what she had said, she felt quite shocked at herself. The solo she had sung that night had deepened her impression that she was not quite so good a Christian as she thought she was, and as soon as the service was over, she had hurried home and shut herself in her room for a period of quiet reflection. In reply to her mother's enquiries, she stated that her head ached, and she desired to be left alone.

"Whatever is the matter with me?" she said to herself, settling down into an arm-chair, after lighting the lamp. "I never felt so put out in all my life. I feel vexed at myself chiefly, for saying what I did to poor Will. He must think I am a dreadful sort of creature. I don't want him to go getting too interested in those Salvationists though, or he might be running off to their Training Home one day with a red jersey on. I wouldn't speak to him any more if he did, but I guess there's no fear, though. The Parker's will think it strange that I didn't walk home with them to-night; but I must think. Now, let me see, what was it that so troubled me in church—oh, yes, I remember, the Cross, the consecrated Cross—what does that mean, I wonder?"

It was hard work for Mabel to do much deep thinking. Though a very brilliant conversationalist, her thoughts lay chiefly on the surface, and she was very dependent upon the opinions of others for her outlook upon life. A great deal of what she said was mere repetition of what she had heard others say, or had

she thought her dignity had been in any way injured. Poor proud, wilful little Mabel, now sat in her room struggling with one of the greatest thoughts that had ever come to her.

"Am I really a Christian?" she asked herself again and again. "I have never thought much about the matter until now. I took it for granted that I was. I go to church, I sing in the choir, I am as good as most of those who profess to be Christians around here, and yet, and yet—Oh! whatever is the matter with me? I shall get as miserable as an old nun if I mope around like this."

She picked up a Bible lying on a table near by, and began turning over its pages, with a vague sort of hope that she might find there some answer to the question that haunted her.

Her attention was attracted to the very verse that had so helped Will Parker. It was the verse, too, that the minister had chosen for his text that night.

"And he that taketh not his cross and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me," she read. She closed the Book, and gave a shudder. "Ugh!" she exclaimed. "I confess I really don't understand that at all. Poor Mary Dwyer used to say she was going to take up her cross, and she went into a convent. I couldn't do that, the world is too sweet for me. Then that Army Captain said he had taken up his cross, and he has to preach at street corners. I couldn't do that, I am sure. Whatever would mamma say if I did? I am sure she would die of fright, and then I would feel that I was the cause of her death. No, I'm afraid that either of such two extreme courses would never suit me. I suppose I am one of the unworthy ones. Well, let it be so, there's Mrs. Smith's garden party coming off next week, and I wouldn't miss that for the whole world."

So Mabel rejected the Cross, not being willing to submit her will to God and let Him lead her where He would.

(To be continued.)

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Second Insertion.

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read in some novel, rather than the outcome of her own settled convictions. Hence, she was carried hither and thither, according to the society she had mixed with. She had no great purpose in life, and in consequence, was a prey to very petty feelings at times. As is so common with young ladies of this description, a very slight thing would mortally offend her, and she would harbour feelings of resentment for months, if

BAND INSTRUMENTS.

The Franco-British Exhibition has just awarded a Gold Medal to the Musical Instrument Department for excellence in the manufacture of Brass Band Instruments. The Department has now exhibited twice and has secured a Gold Medal each time, the first occasion being at the New Zealand Exhibition last year.

GOLD MEDALS

NEW ZEALAND, 1907

LONDON, ENG., 1908

The Prices for "Our Own Make" in Class A are as follows:

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The following testimonials bespeak their worth, and appreciation of Commanding Officers and J. S. Workers. Write for Catalogue.

Belleville, Oct. 30th, 1908.

The Trade Secretary, Toronto:

My Dear Brigadier,—The books duly to hand for the J. S. Library. I have glanced through the reading matter, and think it is excellent for our Young People. All the J. S. Workers who have seen the books think with me that they are splendid, and are delighted with them. We hope to still further extend our book-shelves a little later. God bless you!

Yours in Him,

Harry H. Turner, Captain.

Bracebridge, August 31st, 1908.

The Trade Secretary, Toronto:

Dear Brigadier,—The consignment of Books for our J. S. Library received. Being a lover of good books, it was not long before I was turning the pages, and taking stock of their contents. I am certainly pleased with them, for the binding is strong and durable, and the reading matter appears to be excellent. Have no doubt but that the J. S. Workers and scholars will also be pleased. Thanking you for the quick despatch, I remain,

Yours in the War,

Hedley V. Jones, Captain.

Scripture Texts and Mottoes.

Our effort to please and success attained can be readily recognized by perusing the following testimonials:

Portage la Prairie, Man., Oct. 28th, 1908.

The Trade Secretary, Toronto:

Dear Sir,—Enclosed find \$10.00 order, for which you will please send me a number of Wall Texts. I will let you select them for me as before. I got the Texts about nine o'clock, and they were all sold by six that night. Send as soon as possible and oblige.

Yours, etc.,

Charles Miller.

Midland, Oct. 16th, 1908.

Brigadier Scott-Potter:

Dear Brigadier,—Will you kindly send me, by return, Packet No. 3 of Mottoes. The others went like hot cakes on a frosty morning. Everybody was delighted, and the general opinion is that they are the best lot they've ever seen.

Yours faithfully,

Fred. Ashton.

Liberal Terms to Energetic Men and Women who are Desirous of Adding to Their Present Income. Write for Particulars.

The Trade Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

Salvation Songs

Holiness.

Tunes.—Come on, my partners in distress; Come, brethren, dear; and, He lives.

1 Thou Great Jehovah, infinite
In wisdom, love, in grace and might,
Help us to self deny.
Thou gav'st Thy Son our souls to save,
To make us holy, true and brave;
Help us to self deny.

All we possess are gifts from Thee,
How can we ever selfish be,
And keep from Thee Thine own?
We cannot, dare not, fail to bring
The best we have of everything,
To lay before Thy throne.

Tune.—We'll be heroes.

2 We'll be heroes, we'll be heroes,
When the battle is fierce;
When the raging storm louder grows
Will our courage increase,
'By the Cross.

We shall conquer, we shall conquer,
Through the blood of the Lamb;
And we ne'er will retreat, though we die,
Till the conquest we've won,
By the Cross.

We are rising, we are rising,
And the foe shall be driven;
As warriors brave let us sing,
We have victory and Heaven
By the Cross.

War and Testimony.

Tune.—Happy Song, 235.

3 We are marching on
With shield and banner bright,
We will work for God
And battle for the right,
We will praise His name,
Rejoicing in His might,
And we'll work till Jesus calls.

Chorus.

Then, awake!

In the open air
Our Army we prepare,
As we rally round
Our blessed standard there;
And the Saviour's Cross
We will gladly learn to bear,
While we work till Jesus calls.

Tune.—The Lily of the Valley, B. M. 239.

4 I've found a friend in Jesus, He's
everything to me,
He's the fairest of ten thousand
to my soul;
The Lily of the Valley, in Him alone
I see
All I need to cleanse, and make
me fully whole;
In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble
He's my stay,
He tells me every care on Him to roll.

Chorus.

He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright
and Morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to
my soul.

He'll never, never leave me, nor yet
forsake me here,
While I live by faith and do His
blessed will;
A wall of fire about me, I've nothing
now to fear,
With His manna He my hungry
soul shall fill.
Then, sweeping up to Glory, I'll see
His blessed face,
Where rivers of delight shall ever
flow.

Salvation.

Tunes.—Take the name of Jesus with
you; Silver threads, 157; What
a Friend we have in Jesus, 161.

5 What about the life you're living,
Yes, I mean your life to-day?
On the great Eternal Morning,
At the Judgment, will it pay?

THE COMMISSIONER

WILL VISIT THE FOLLOWING PLACES:

ORILLIA	Thursday, January 14
MIDLAND	Friday, January 15
BRACEBRIDGE	Saturday, January 16
COBALT	Sunday, January 7
NORTH BAY	Monday, January 18

LIEUT.-COLONEL PUGMIRE and Staff-Captain Morris will accompany.

Chorus.

Will it pay?

Though you gain the whole creation,
Things of time will fade away;
If you miss the gate of Heaven
At the Judgment, will it pay?

What sin is it keeps you from Him?
What value on it do you lay?
Is it worth a home in Heaven?
At the Judgment, will it pay?

MISSING.

(First insertion.)

7006. CUMMINGS, ALEXANDER. Left Glasgow, August 13th, 1908. Supposed to have come to Canada. Age 36; height 5ft. 9in.; black hair, grey eyes; ruddy complexion; carter by trade. Plays concertina.

6850. ENNIS, PHILLIP. A Cousin of the above is anxious to find out the particulars, etc., of his death. Supposed to have died in Carleton, N. B. Please communicate with above office.

6972. DUNBAR, WM. SMITH. (alias James Cochrane.) Came to Canada in May, 1907, and last wrote to wife from Port Arthur, in April, 1908, since when no news has been heard. Labourer, and was working on G. T. R. Age 30; height 5 ft., 6 in.; blue eyes, fair hair and complexion; stammers slightly. Small hole in centre of forehead.

6958. DAVE, ROBERT GEORGE. Age 30; left Seal Cove, Conception Bay, Newfoundland, nine years ago, last heard of coming from California to Winnipeg, two years ago. Medium height; dark complexion. Friends anxious for news.

6967. LOW, EDWARD GEORGE. Last heard of in Halifax, N. S. Was working at Round House. Age 25; missing for seven months. Mother anxious.

6977. BARNETT, WALTER. Supposed to have left England for British Columbia, about March, 1907; was seen in Toronto about that date. Age 47; height 5ft. 8in.; grey hair, bald in front of head; grey eyes; sallow complexion. Has small scar by right temple. Draper. Wife would like to communicate.

6998. BARRETT, JOHN RICHARD. Age 40; height 5ft. 7in.; dark hair and eyes; dark complexion. Has a scar on right temple. Tinsmith by trade.

(Second insertion.)

6994. EDGAR, JOHN SIMPSON; age 36; height 5ft. 4in.; complexion and hair fair; eyes blue. When last seen was wearing white shirt, fawn coat and vest, dark striped trousers, and black Christy hat. On right breast of coat wore a shoe-shaped pin. Was last employed as labourer at Massey Harris Co., Toronto. Left home Aug. 28, 1908. Supposed to be working in Brantford. Third finger missing right hand. His sorrowing wife implores him to come back; her strength is failing, and baby is ill. Mrs. Emily Edgar, 657 Wellington St., West, Toronto, Ont.

6990. TAYLOR, JOSHUA. Left England in July, 1905, for Montreal, and was afterwards heard to be in Toronto. Age 41; height 5 ft., 4 in.; blue eyes, brown hair, and fair; nose slightly crooked. Has worked in iron foundry and cotton mills.



THE MASSEY HALL

During the Winter a Series of Striking Sunday Night Special Meetings will be held in this Hall.

COLONEL PEART, Chief Secretary for the United States—Sunday, January 10.

GREAT PRISON MEETING—Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire—Sunday, January 17.

The Staff Band, composed of 25 skilled musicians, will be in attendance on January 17th. The Male Choir will sing.

Col. and Mrs. Mapp

Will visit

DOVERCOURT—Sunday, January 31.
RIVERDALE—Sunday, February 7.

Headquarters' Specials.

Simultaneous Salvation Campaign.

BRIGADIER POTTER.

Yorkville—Thursday, January 7th, to Monday, Jan. 11th, inclusive.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. SOUTHALL. Riverdale—Thursday, Jan. 7th, to Monday, January 11th.

MAJOR RAWLING.

Esther Street—Thursday, January 7th, to Monday, January 11th.

MAJOR SIMCO.

Lindsay—Saturday, January 2nd, to Tuesday, January 12th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN ATTWELL'S BRIGADE.

Wychwood—Thursday, Jan. 7th, to Monday, Jan. 11th.

STAFF-CAPT. ARNOLD'S BRIGADE.

West Toronto—Thursday, Jan. 7th, to Monday, Jan. 11th.

THE STAFF BAND

will visit

London, Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 9th and 10th.
Woodstock, Monday, January 11th.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Bunton, Western Province.—Wingham, January 9, 10; Listowel, Jan. 11, 12; Palmerston, Jan. 13-15; Guelph, Jan. 16-18; Hespeler Jan. 19, 20; Berlin, Jan. 21, 22; Galt, Jan. 23-25.

Captain Lloyd, Western Province.—Parry Sound, January, 9-11; Orillia, Jan. 12; Midland, Jan. 13-15; Collingwood, Jan. 16-18; Meaford, Jan. 19; Owen Sound, Jan. 20, 21; Chesley, Jan. 22-24.

THE SIMULTANEOUS Soul-Saving Campaign SPECIALS.

Commissioner Cadman,

The first Salvation Army Captain, will conduct Great Soul-Saving Meetings as follows:

MONTREAL CITY CORPS—Sunday, January 3rd, to Sunday, January 10.
WINNIPEG, January 13th to 17th.
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, Monday, January 18th.

BRANDON, Tuesday, January 19th.
REGINA, Wednesday, January 20.
MOOSE JAW—Thursday, January 21.
MEDICINE HAT—Friday, January 22.
CALGARY—Saturday and Sunday, January 23 and 24.
VERNON, B. C.—January 26.
VANCOUVER II.—January 28.
NEW WESTMINSTER—January 29.
VANCOUVER I.—January 31, and February 1.

The Temple, Sunday, January 10

COLONEL PEART,

Chief Secretary for the United States, will Conduct Special Services, Morning and Afternoon.

BRIGADIER ADBY

Will conduct Great Soul-Saving Meetings as follows:—

LISGAR STREET—December 29th to January 11th.

TEMPLE—January 12th to 25th.

BRIGADIER JOHN ROBERTS,

Who has been an Officer over Thirty years, from International Headquarters, will conduct

GREAT SOUL-SAVING MEETINGS as follows:

Yarmouth, N. S.,—January 9th to 15th.
Windsor, January 16th to 21st.
Halifax, January 23rd, to 29th.
Campbellton, January 30th to February 5th.

MAJOR and MRS. TOM PLANT,

From International Headquarters, London, England; Musical Wonders, world-wide travellers, Songsters and Instrumentalists, will visit the following Corps, conducting a unique Musical Demonstration entitled, "Round the World in a Chariot of Music and Song!"—

Medicine Hat—January 9, 10, 11.
Calgary—January 12, 13.
Wetaskiwin—January 14, 15.
Edmonton, January 16, 17, 18.
Calgary—January 19.
High River—January 20.
Lethbridge, January 22 to 25.
Ferne—January 26 and 27.
Cranbrook—January 28, 29.
Nelson—January 30, 31.
Rossland—February 2, 3.
Vernon, B. C.—February 6, 7, 8.

COUNSEL AND ADVICE.

Young men and women in need of counsel and advice on matters affecting either their personal experience, their work, their health, or their companionship, are invited to communicate with me at the following address, when I shall be glad to render them any help I can. All such communications will be treated as strictly confidential.

Please write the name and address distinctly, giving Christian and surname. Mark your envelope, "Young People's Counsellor."

Major C. W. Creighton,

Young People's Secretary,
James and Albert Streets Toronto.